" But even if Hero might be supposed to be so distracted as not to remember where she had slept the night before, or even whether she had slept *anywhere,* surely *Beatrice* has her wits about her ! And when an arrangement was made, by which she was to lose, for one night, her twelve-months' bed-fellow, is it conceivable that she didn't know *where* Hero passed the night ? Why didn't *she* reply :

> " But good my lord sweet Hero slept not there :
> She had another chamber for the nonce.
> 'Twas sure some counterfeit that did present
> Her person at the window, aped her voice,
> Her mien, her manners, and hath thus deceived
> My good Lord Pedro and this company ? '

" With all these excellent materials for proving an ' alibi' it is incomprehensible that no one should think of it. If only there had been a barrister present, to cro?s-examine Beatrice !

" * Now, ma'am, attend to me, please, and speak up so that the jury can hear you. Where did you sleep last night ? Where did Hero sleep ? Will you swear that she slept in her own room ? Will you swear that you do not know where she slept ?' I feel inclined to quote old Mr. Weller and to say to Beatrice at the end of the play (only I'm afraid it isn't etiquette to speak across the footlights) :

" ' Oh, Samivel, Samivel, vy vornt there a halibi?' "

Mr. Dodgson's kindness to children was wonderful. He *really* loved them and put himself out for them. The children he knew who wanted to go on the stage were those who came under my observation, and nothing could have been more touching than his ceaseless industry on their behalf.

" I want to thank you," he wrote to me in 1894 from Oxford, " as heartily as words can do it for your true kindness in letting

me bring D. behind the scenes to you. You will know without my telling you what an intense pleasure you thereby gave to a warm-hearted girl, and what love (which I fancy you value more than mere admiration) you have won from her,